

HUN POETS FAIL ON WAR GUESSES

Kaiser's Writers Prove to Be
Very Poor Prophets.

THINK IN TRUE KULTUR VEIN

Forecast Only Short and Merry War,
at End of Which Great German
Hosts Will Be Conquerors
of the World.

By EARL DERR BIGGERS.

(From the Committee on Public Information,
Washington, D. C.)

Speaking of Germans—as who is not these days?—a celebrated French poet, Jean Alcaud, has hit upon a rather neat and happy figure of speech. In a long and eloquent poem about the war, after he has described how the German horde, coming "forward with God" as they put it, swept down on Paris, and has pictured them baffled and beaten by the miracle of the Marne, he further recalls how—"having prepared themselves in France a terrible hole"—they

intrenched themselves therein, defeated, driven, hurried
Back by the sword of France and scorned
by all the world.

And then what happened? Let Alcaud tell it:

There, in their filthy holes, their natural
habitat,
As lives the hunted boar, the crouching
soldiers sat;

And, as a putrid pool exhales an evil
smell,
They poured their poisons forth straight
from the maw of hell,
Defiled the blue of heaven and made the
virgin air

A party to the crime they perpetrated
there.

The choking gas that rose, mephitic, from
their holes,
Was very like the breath and odor of
their souls.

The odor of their souls! The present
writer must confess that this
simile strikes him as a remarkably
fit and appropriate one.

Today we know only too well the
odor of their souls, and we are deter-
mined to send our men over to those
holes in France, to disinfect them with
the only serviceable antiseptics—the
bayonet and the bullet. Everything
that keeps that odor strong in our nos-
trils will be of help in the salvation
of our country, since it will keep us
firm in our determination to do or die.

So one is inclined to feel that Prof.
H. C. Grumbine of Clark university,
who has recently translated into very
readable English the war poetry of
France and Germany, has done this
country a patriotic service. Professor
Grumbine knows that nowhere are the
ideals of a nation more clearly re-
vealed than in its literature, and he
adds that literature in its purest form
is poetry. So he has gone to the poets
of the two countries to discover what
was in their minds in the early days
of the war. With an ardent desire to be
fair, he has not chosen verses which
prove any particular point for him,
but has sought to confine himself to
the leading and the representative
bards. In Germany such men as Su-
dermann, Lissauer, and Herzog; in
France, Boutrel and Alcaud, the for-
mer a laureate and the latter a mem-
ber of the French academy. And hav-
ing translated the verses of these men
he has drawn some logical and illu-
minating conclusions regarding the
German god and the French god, the
German soul and the soul of the
French.

Grumbine's Deductions.

Let us glance for a moment over
Professor Grumbine's shoulder at the
translations he has made; then briefly
let us consider his conclusions. If the
matter strikes you, dear reader, as
academic and—dread word—literary,
be assured that it will not be treated
here in either academic or literary
fashion. Professor Grumbine opens
the door for you, and you wander with
him through that dark hinterland—the
German mind; he leads you on to the
heights where the French thinker sits.

When, much to the surprise of
everybody in Germany, war was de-
clared the German soldier immediately
rushed to his locker, where every-
thing was ready for him, including a
canteen filled with fresh water. Simul-
taneously the German poet rushed to
his fountain pen which—God and the
kaiser forgot nothing—was also filled,
not with water, but with a venomous
liquid that flowed red, like blood. This
war has reminded us that it is not the
man who fights in the field who is the
true master of hate and bitterness; it
is the highly educated and cultured
thinker at home who screams loudest
and foams most freely at the lips.

If the German poets had been for a
moment at a loss as to what view to
take of the war, of course the German
government would have set them right.
(There was that naive newspaper in
Munich which at the start pleaded
pathetically for the government to
"take charge of public opinion.") One
could fancy some such advertisement
in the Berlin papers: "German poets
will call at the Wilhelmstrasse be-
tween two and four on Thursday to
secure their points of view on the
war." However, it is improbable the
German poets needed any instruction.
They thought about the war just what
he and his kind had been training the
whole German nation, poets included,
for 40 years, to think. They greeted
the catastrophe with a mighty cry, a
cry partly of hate for Germany's ene-
mies, partly of joy that now at last
Germany's hour had struck. Write

that one enthusiastic German said:
"March! March! Away with all
labor!
It is war! Bloody war! Get your ribs
and shivers!

This hip-burrah greeting for bloody
war was characteristic of most of the
early war poetry. The poets, unfortu-
nately, were not prophets. The blood
which they viewed in prospect was to
flow mostly from the bodies of the con-
temptible foe. Germany, marching
with God, was invincible. A short war
and a merry one, and at the end the
great German hosts conquerors of the
world! If they could have foreseen
then the long and weary road ahead,
the hip-burrah note might have been
mingled even more freely with the
venom and hate the balked and beaten
monster feels for those who stand in
his way.

Where God Stands.

One looks in vain in this output of
German poetry for a note of abhor-
rence of war, a question as to whether
or not this is God's way for settling
disputes. There is no question as to
where God stands, he rides on the Ger-
man shells, directs the Zeppelin, greets
joyously the submarine, chuckles with
delight that his chosen people have in
their hands the weapons whereby to
impose their will—which is his will—
on the world. More of this peculiar
German god anon. Through this wel-
ter of harsh German poetry runs only
a roar of delight in German strength, a
great satisfied sigh that now at last
the world is to feel that strength.

Here and there, as though by way of
afterthought, there is a bit of camou-
flage as to who started the war. Be-
fore going on to picture the downfall
of the enemy one bard pauses to re-
mark:

War! War! Awake! The French have
crossed the Rhine,
And Cossacks swarm upon our eastern
line.

These obvious lies are not dwelt on,
however. Probably not even the poet
expected anybody to believe them.
They were just thrown in as a sop to
the diplomats at the Wilhelmstrasse.
Public opinion, which had been taken
charge of by the authorities, was "ver-
boten" to forget these things. And it
was added, in faint voice here and
there: "We did not wish this war."

One is reminded, by way of aside, of
the excellent Australian cartoon which
pictured the Kaiser sitting, head in
hands, in the company of the crown
prince. "I did not want this war,"
"No," says the crown prince in a lucid
moment, "it was quite a different war
you wanted, wasn't it, papa?"

But coming back to the poets, it may
be said that while at rare intervals
they remembered to make a note of
the fact that the war was a complete
and unpleasant surprise to Germany,
their whole attitude was that now that
it had come, they were delighted. They
dreamed of blood, they sang of it. At
last the weapons Germany had been
fondling so long were to find a mark.
Rudolf Herzog wrote a dainty little
thing, urging the soldiers on—he was
evidently somewhere in the rear him-
self—and the refrain of each verse ran:

What though the earth of hell be full,
Our steel shall cleave the foeman's skull.
Such was the picture that inspired
the frenzied poets, the gentlemen of
the pen. A soul-satisfying, delectable
picture of German steel deep in the
foeman's skull, while rich, delicious
blood was everywhere.

England With the Allies.

While they were in the midst of gory
composition, their eyes in a fine frenzy
rolling, England entered the war on
the side of the allies. This was dis-
tinctly verboten, and it upset the Ger-
man plan horribly. England was to
stand aside until Russia and France
were annihilated, and then be wiped
out in her turn. Anyone who has ever
been in Germany knows the fury of a
German whose system is upset. Imme-
diately the mad poets grew madder
yet, and the recipient of all their poi-
soned darts was poor old England.
The anger of a German when things
are going as he wished is not a pretty
thing, but the anger of the same man
when things are going wrong is enough
to make God tremble.

In this dark hour when all Germany
was sputtering with a fury so terrible
it seemed words could not be found to
express it, Herr Ernst Lissauer came
forward and earned the nation's grati-
tude by penning his famous "Hymn
of Hate." In our country we are all
familiar with this dainty little thing,
which ends:

So, what care we for French or Russ?
It's a shot for a shot when they shoot
at us.

We fight our battles with bronze and
steel.

And when we stop we shall see you kneel!
It's you we hate with a lasting hate.
Nor will we abate one little of hate—
Hate by water and hate by land,
Hate of the head and hate of the hand.
Hate of artisan, hate of king,
Hate which seventy millions sing:
One love they know, one hate they know,
They know but one, one only foe:
England!

Little Ernst, groping around in the
madhouse, seems to have found words
that pretty well express his meaning.
In fact, he seems to have put across in
fairly effective shape the idea that the
Germans don't care much for the Eng-
lish, whichever way you look at it.
But if he hated before, what must
have been his fury at the reception his
outbreak got in England? Instead of
cowering in fear, a laugh went up from
the British Isles that was heard round
the world. The Tommies in the
trenches, treated to a German con-
cert, shouted across: "Sing us a comic
song—sing us the 'Ym of Hyle.' And
it is recorded in Boyd Cable's "Be-
tween the Lines" that Cockney reg-
iments, to while away idle hours, have
been known to sing variations:
Hyle of the 'east and hyle of the 'west
'O do we hyle to bet the band;
Hingland!

Which is very cruel of them, and en-
tirely beyond the comprehension of the
raging foe.

Chaplain Would Exterminate Foe

Baltimore, Md.—Rev. George A. Griffin, a Baltimore Protestant Episco-
pal clergyman serving as chaplain
with the Fifth Field artillery, the reg-
iment that fired America's first shot in
the war, has written a letter to Dr.
Henry Barton Jacobs, a prominent Bal-
timorean, which was printed in full in
the current issue of the *Manufacturers'
Record*, in which he discusses at length
cruelties inflicted by the Germans upon
civilians and soldiers.

"I feel," he says, "that I express the
sentiment of those who have seen and
heard over here, when I say that were
I in America today, priest as I am, I
should do my best to have put to death
any Boche in America or any so-called
American who would apologize in any
way for what the Boche has done.

"All that you have heard in America
about them does not approximate the
truth. There are little children right
here in France with their little stumps
of hands; there were some not far from
my last camp, and young men with all
the fingers of their right hand cut off.
The other day a British officer and
three Tommies told me that a short
time ago they went as an advance
party into a little village from which
the Boche had been driven back, and in
a large room there were four young
Canadians crucified, one on each wall
of the room.

Torture Young Girls.

"Also, when I was with the British
they told me the Boches had taken
young Belgian and French girls into
their first line trenches and tortured
them until their screams made the
Scotch and the Canadians so crazed
they would go over into the machine
gun nests which the Boche had set up,
using the women's screams as a decoy.

"And I have it on the word of a British
officer that they have stood (the
officers) with guns leveled at their men
to keep them from going over when the
women scream, and being needlessly
slaughtered. I cannot tell you what
the Tommies told me they found when
they drove these hell-fends out of these
positions; it is too awful even to think
about. I also have it on the word of
one of the greatest French abbots that
the Boche were especially instructed to
destroy convents—and kill or outrage
the nuns—and he says that all through
France and Belgium are ruined con-
vents, and that the nuns were given to
the soldiers to be outraged in camps.

"These are not isolated cases nor ab-
normal conditions which prevail here
and there where troops were drunk or
without restraint. Go along the French
or British front, and the only conclu-
sion you arrive at is that they are
just the ground principle of Boche ef-
ficiency in action.

"It is American blood that is flowing

now, and God grant it may give Amer-
ica some strength to realize what we
are up against. To talk of terms until
the Boche is exterminated is to league
with Satan for a corner in hell. Privi-
tions, sacrifices! What can you do at
home to compare with what these men
of ours are doing over here? Meatless
days, wheatless days, sugarless days,
good women knitting, benefits for the
Red Cross—or all your social diver-
sions with a charitable object sand-
wiched in!

"When you are out on a shell-swept
hill and the shells are going by like
bats out of hell, as the soldiers say,
and it's dark as the grave, and every-
man, God bless him! stands strong and

true, camouflaging all his own feelings
for your sake and for the sake of what
he has back home, meatless days and
wheatless days, and Liberty bond cam-
paigns seem cheap as your support of
him in such an hour.

"Loathe the Boche—preach against
him—work against him, wherever he
is, ostracize him socially and commer-
cially. Take no chance—even though
his reputation for loyalty has been a
long-standing one. The leopard cannot
change his spots—neither can the
Boche demon lose his horns. I'm beg-
ging you now—as the Boche are try-
ing to murder us—to help wake every
one up to the fact that America must
realize what the world is facing over
here. Can't you see it—can't America
see it—how everything is hanging in
the balance? And I know that the
weight which shall cast it down is
when your loathing for the Boche will
so burn in you as to make you count
nothing—consider nothing—but his ex-
termination."

Wears Gas Mask Over Cook Stove

By ROY S. DURSTINE.

Paris.—Some day the story of what
American women have done over here
in France will be written. People
will hear, then, about the women who
are cooking and baking for the Amer-
ican boys with their helmets and gas
masks on the shelf, next the baking
powder can. They will learn of the
casual heroines who see nothing re-
markable in making hot chocolate in
shacks where the rain and the snow
come in on them through fresh shell
holes in the roof.

One of the women people will hear
about will be Mrs. Clara Simmons.

She is as close to the front line
here as any woman is permitted to
go. For many days, during the active
fighting just over the hill from her,
she was the only woman in the entire
area. That didn't bother her at all.

The boys wanted hot chocolate, and
she could make it. So there you are.
And there she was.

She is a little bit of America, of
American womanhood, dropped right
down in the middle of the fighting
zone. She looks more like home to
the boys than anything in the world,
except a letter. She has no pic-
turesque ideas about carrying culture
and uplift to the soldiers. She's
there to work for them.

She works with a huge mixing bowl
full of pulverized chocolate, and seven
or eight open cans of condensed milk
on the table. On the rickety stove
where the old fireplace used to be, a
great kettle of hot water is simmer-
ing. She stirs and pours, and pours
and stirs, till the air of the little
shack is as fragrant as that of a
candy store at home.

A convoy of camions rumbles past
her door. They are almost at the end
of their journey. German territory
isn't half a dozen kilometers away.
Mrs. Simmons knows that, of course,
but she hums, under her breath, at
her work.

Even before the hot chocolate is
quite ready, the boys begin to arrive.
They come in tin hats with gas masks
hanging at their sides. Her own hel-
met and mask are on the shelf behind
her.

"Hot chocolate ready?" the first one
asks.

"All ready," she says, as she stirs
it with her long spoon. She fills one
of the tin cups from the mantelpiece.

"Un-m-m!" says the youngster.

"That's good and thick. Give us a
package of cookies."

He takes his tin cup and his cookies
to an empty packing box in the cor-
ner, sits down, and feasts slowly and
luxuriously. Another boy is at the
board that serves as a counter.

Gives the Hero Touch.

Some of the boys stop to gossip,
when the edge is taken off their
thirsts and hungers.

"Remember Bill Johnson?" they ask
Mrs. Simmons. She does. He was
the boy who always took three cups
of chocolate.

"He won't any more for awhile,"
they tell her. "Stopped one in the leg
last night."

"Oh, that's too bad!" she says, just
the way she would say it at home if
she heard that Johnnie had the
measles.

That's the thing about Mrs. Sim-
mons and such women. She brings
to the boys a constant reminder of
the women they have left behind, of
their mothers and their sisters and
their wives. She talks in the most
casual American way about things
that are neither casual nor American.

After the last of her soldiers has
put on his tin hat and gone down
the hill into the valleys from which
they start for their outposts, she be-
gins talking very simply about her
work.

"There is not a mother or wife or
sister of any one of these boys who
wouldn't give all she has to be where
I am today," she says. "Just think
what a privilege it is to talk to them,
and to see that they are well and
happy, and that their clothes are
whole! Women, you know, worry
most about their uncertainties. If I
could only tell the people who are
worrying about these boys how husky
and cheerful their youngsters are! That's
what would make them happy. Every
time I get tired, I just think
how many thousands of women would
be the happiest persons on earth if
they could be where I am.

"RIDES RODS" WITH INFANT

Woman Says Husband Mistreated Her
and She Was Seeking Work as
Engine Wiper.

Omaha, Neb.—Mrs. Myrtle Neal,
twenty-five years old, of Cheyenne,
Wyo., arrived here in men's clothing
recently. She said she "rode the rods"
of a freight train, holding her three-
year-old baby in one arm, part of
the way to Omaha. She said her husband
mistreated her. She was wearing
overalls and said she had been em-
ployed in the Union Pacific shops.

She expected to go to work here
as an engine wiper, but her husband
arrived later and they were recon-
ciled.

Build 1,000 Homes Monthly.

Seattle, Wash.—One thousand homes
to be built every month until January
1 is the goal set by the war house-
building drive committee of this city
to take care of the vast army of war
industries workers now arriving. An
army of 5,000 men to build these
houses is now being recruited.

CANADIANS MOVING TO THE FRONT LINE



Column of Canadian soldiers moving briskly up to the fighting line to
take their turn in swatting the Huns.

GET HOME-MADE FURNITURE

Italian Refugees Fit Up Red Cross
Offices Out of Packing

Rome.—One example of wartime
economy lies in a new carpentry shop
at the American Red Cross central
warehouse in Rome. Here mounds of
packing cases have accumulated in
which for many months food and
clothing have been coming from Amer-
ica. Recently a group of hand-made
furniture appeared at Red Cross head-
quarters, all made from packing case
wood. The work was done by Italian
refugees employed originally in the
American Red Cross as porters, but
who had been carpenters in their old
homes before the Austrian invasion of
northern Italy last year.

Not only has the American Red
Cross acquired a supply of badly
needed office furniture, but a group
of victims of the war dislodged from
their homes and from their normal
trades have been re-established in
their old callings. Dozens of Ameri-
can Red Cross workshops throughout
Italy are now run on a similar prin-

ciple. The workmen benefited include
the lace workers, shoemakers and
tailors, as well as carpenters.

Prefers Prison to War.

Leavenworth, Kan.—Rather than en-
train with his comrades on the selec-
tive draft for Camp Funston, Kan.,
Charles Davidson confessed that he
was guilty of a statutory charge
against a twelve-year-old girl.

Davidson has made numerous at-
tempts to evade army service, but they
were failures.

"I would rather go to prison than to
war," he told the county authorities.
He was accommodated.

Enters College at Forty.

Cleveland, O.—Six years ago, when
he was thirty-four years old, Isaac
Maso came to America from Russia.
He could not speak a word of English.
In the last three years he has com-
pleted a four-year course in a Cleveland
high school and, at forty, will enter the
Ohio state university at Columbus
this fall. While attending high school
Maso worked every day and supported
his wife and family.

Not Hard to See That This Student
Has Sympathy With the
"All-Highest."

Here are some comments on the
kaiser from the pen of a Chinese stu-
dent, an exchange says:

"The German kaiser is not the su-
perior man as depicted by the Chi-
nese literature; he is surely a mean
fellow containing much fraudulent
cunning in his deceitful heart. The su-
perior man is shown in the merits of
excellent heart with much loving kin-
dness to all peoples; the mean fellow
is displayed in the black heart of the
unregenerated devil of hell with much
loving kindness only to himself.

"In the history of China was an em-
peror who burn the books and slewed
the scholars to extinct the civilization
of the peaceful inhabitants; but he
was not success in this crafty tricks,
for the civilizations could never be
extinct by such dishonorable barbar-
ism means. Now the German kaiser

he also awfully wishing to slay the
people and extinct the civilizations of
the universe; he also destroy the lit-
erature books, and the arts, and the
ships, and mess the people of allies
nations. . . . But he will not suc-
cess."

And the "Wise" Do It.

Perhaps one reason why fools are
always rushing into trouble is because
they seem to know they can always
call to the wise to come and help
them out.—Detroit Free Press.

WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Need Help to Pass the Crisis Safe-
ly—Proof that Lydia E. Pink-
ham's Vegetable Compound
Can be Relied Upon.

Urbana, Ill.—"During Change of Life,
in addition to its annoying symptoms, I
had an attack of
grippe which lasted
all winter and left
me in a weakened
condition. I felt at
times that I would
never be well again.
I read of Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegeta-
ble Compound and
what it did for
women passing
through the Change
of Life, so I told my
doctor I would try
it. I soon began to
gain in strength
and the annoying
symptoms dis-
appeared and your Vegetable Compound
has made me a well, strong woman so
I do all my own housework. I cannot
recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegeta-
ble Compound too highly to women
passing through the Change of Life."

—Mrs. FRANK HENSON, 1315 S. Orchard
St., Urbana, Ill.

Women who suffer from nervousness,
"heat flashes," headache, headaches
and "the blues" should try this famous
root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pink-
ham's Vegetable Compound.

Galant.

"Pardon me, Mr. Gushery. My foot
is asleep," said Miss Sweetleigh.

"And what a light sleeper it must
be," returned the gallant swain, look-
ing down at the dainty little, slipper-
incensed slumberer.

Get New Kidneys!

The kidneys are the most overworked
organs of the human body, and when they
fail in their work of filtering out and
throwing off the poisons developed in the
system, things begin to happen.

One of the first warnings is pain or stiff-
ness in the lower part of the back; highly
colored urine; loss of appetite; indiges-
tion; irritation, or even stone in the blad-
der. These symptoms indicate a condition
that may lead to that dreaded and fatal
malady, Bright's disease, for which there
is said to be no cure.

Do not delay a minute. At the first in-
dication of trouble in the kidney, liver,
bladder or urinary organs start taking
Gold Medal Haerlem Oil Capsules, and
save yourself before it is too late. Instant
treatment is necessary in kidney and blad-
der troubles. A delay is often fatal.

You can almost certainly find immediate
relief in Gold Medal Haerlem Oil Capsules.
For more than 200 years this famous prepa-
ration has been an unfailing remedy for
all kidney, bladder and urinary troubles.

It is the pure, original Haerlem Oil your
great-grandmother used. About two cap-
sules each day will keep you toned up and
feeling fine. Get it at any drug store, and
if it does not give you almost immediate
relief, your money will be refunded. Be
sure you get the GOLD MEDAL brand.
None other genuine. In boxes, three
sizes.—Adv.

DO WORK AT HIGH PRESSURE

Duties of War Correspondents at the
Front Are in the Highest De-
gree Exacting.

Here are the conditions under which
a war correspondent has to work:

A great attack is pending and in
the black night the war correspond-
ent journeys forth from S. H. Q. by
car to some vantage point, from which
he sees what he can of the action—
and, even were visibility perfect, un-
der conditions of modern war he could
only hope to witness a tiny corner of
the battle—picks up what facts he can
at brigade, divisional, corps or army
headquarters, and from the "walking
wounded," who begin to stream down
from the front within an hour of
"zero," studies his maps, and makes
his notes. Morning papers go to press
early these days. So in the early after-
noon he is whirled homeward, maybe
through shell fire, fifty, sixty, or sev-
enty miles, and then only, at the end
of a long, exhausting day, his work
proper begins. He must sit down and
write promptly a clear and compre-
hensive account of the day's doings,
graphic, if possible, as complete as
may be, yet containing nothing that in-
fringes on censorship rules. It is a
task demanding the utmost concentra-
tion from a mind and body already
fatigued.

Failure.

First German Officer—Then you
think our seventy-five mile gun is a
failure?

Second German Officer—Emphatic-
ally. A Zeppelin will kill twice as
many women and children at half the
expense.—Life.

Many a man who meanders around
the free-lunch route daily likes to be
seen entering a first-class hotel.

POST
TOASTIES

Everything a
corn food ought
to be
and saves
the wheat

—says
Bobby

POST
TOASTIES

Everything a
corn food ought
to be
and saves
the wheat

—says
Bobby